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# Witch Weekly

November 1691

Published by senior members of the Parris Household Divination Circle

Issue 1-Page 1

## Which Recipes?

Trying to decide which witch recipes to try? Let us give you a hand and tell you some of our favorites on the next page.

## Subscribe Now!

Subscribe to Witch Weekly, the underground newsletter that comes out of Salem Village's own parsonage! Contact Betty or Abigail Parris if you'd like to get Witch Weekly regularly.

## Sign Now!

Sign the devil's book before it's too late! Sign within a month and get a free prize!

## *Tensions mounting in Salem Village thanks to new committee*

A new Salem Village Committee, elected in October, is refusing to collect taxes. These taxes would go to pay the Reverend Samuel Parris' salary. The committee also decided quite recently that they would change the terms of Parris' contract.

Originally a source of conflict has been the powerful Putnam families' attempts to make Salem Village independent from Salem Town. Those on the Western side of Salem Village agree with the Putnams that Salem Town's economic success has proved only to break down family ties and degrade Puritan traditions and customs. Many Easterners in Salem Village wished to remain close to Salem Town because they made a living trading with Salem Town.

In 1689, a Salem Village church separate from the one in Salem Town was established, as part of the Putnam's plan to separate from Salem Town. At this time the Reverend Samuel Parris was hired to lead the Salem Village congregation and disputes have since rose in regards to Parris' contract. Along with his salary and free firewood, Parris received a deed to the Parsonage and such facts have upset many villagers, especially those opposed to the Putnam families' separatist movement. Many residents who make up the Committee do not support the separation from Salem Town and as a result, are refusing to collect taxes to pay Parris.

The Reverend, fearing that he may be in the middle of a political debate which could cause a reduction in his salary or a severe change in his contract, is worried that he may not be able to support his wife, daughter Betty, niece Abigail and two slaves Tituba and John Indian.



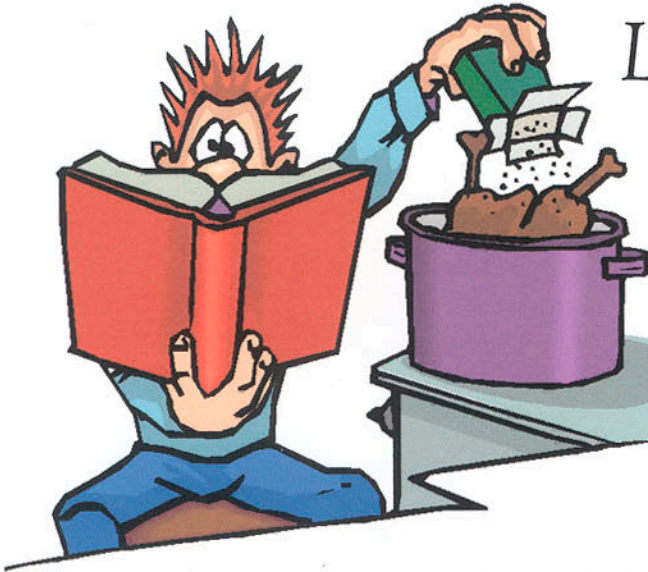
# Witch Weekly

February 1692

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Issue 1-Page 2

STUMPED *about which witch recipes to try?*  
*Let us give you some help.*



## Fabulous Fortunes

For years witches have been telling fortunes and loads of different methods exist. This, is however, our favorite fortune telling technique.

You'll need:

one medium sized egg

(approximately 2.131 in. from top small point to large point)

One bowl (larger than 3 inches)

Enough water to fill the bowl

Directions:

Crack egg. Carefully separate egg whites from egg yolks. The white and yolk must be perfectly separated or this won't work!

Throw yolks away immediately.

Drop egg whites into bowl of water and interpret the pictures they form.

## What it all means

Once you've accomplished the fortune, you are burdened with the task of trying to interpret the pictures. Here are some common pictures and their interpretations:  
elephant (with trunk attached): will not marry  
elephant (no trunk attached): will marry early  
beaver: husband will be ugly and much older than you

bear: husband will beat you

jackass: husband will be a fool

pied piper: husband will be poor

chair: tells you how many children you will have based upon number of legs

wheat grain: will die young

loaf of bread: will die at an old age

house: will die in childbirth

## More?

Don't forget to get your Witch Weekly recipe book, available this issue only.



# Witch Weekly

November 1691

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Issue 1-Page 3

## *From Merchant to Minister: History of the Reverend Samuel Parris*

The man causing all the controversy, the Reverend Samuel Parris, has held many jobs.

His most recent job as minister of Salem Village has caused a great deal of turmoil in the town.

But before becoming Reverend of Salem Village, Parris led an interesting life.

Parris was born in London in 1654. Parris' father, Thomas Parris, sent Samuel Parris to Harvard. In 1683, Thomas Parris died, leaving land in Barbados to his 20-year old son.

Samuel Parris then lived in Barbados, where he rented his father's sugar plantation and lived in neighboring Bridgetown. Parris became a credit agent and bought two slaves, Tituba and John Indian.

In 1680, Parris moved to Boston where he met his wife, Elizabeth Eldridge.

Parris and his wife had three children, Thomas, Betty and Susannah. But Parris was not a merchant for long. In 1686, he began his career as a minister. He became minister of Salem Village in July of 1689. The Reverend Samuel Parris continues his powerful sermons today. He can be seen at the pulpit, wearing his black cape and preaching about the sins and the devil's misdeeds.



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*For questions or comments about articles in Witch Weekly, please contact Betty or Abigail Parris at the parsonage. This publication printed by senior officials of the Parris Household Divination Circle. For membership, please contact Ann Putnam Sr.*

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*How to feed your:*  
**Witch's  
Familiar**

You will need:

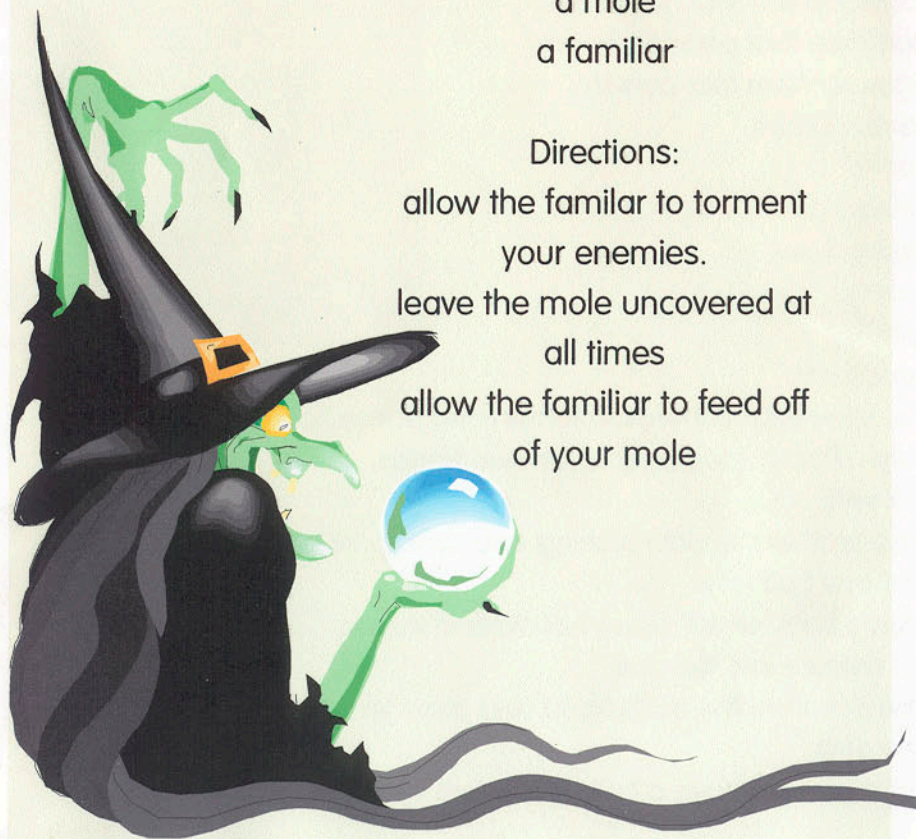
a mole  
a familiar

Directions:

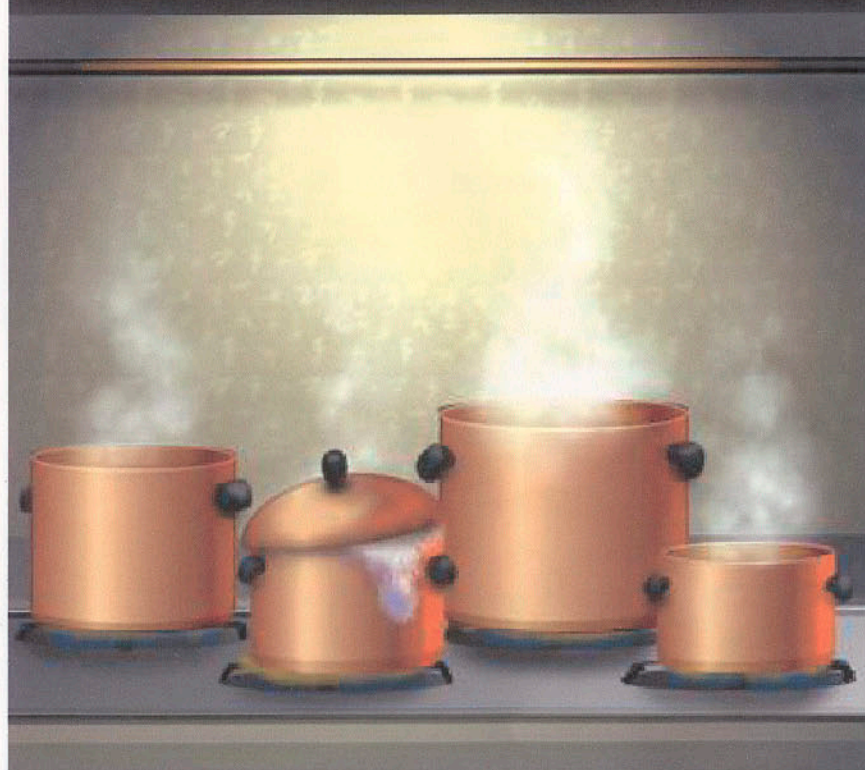
allow the familiar to torment  
your enemies.

leave the mole uncovered at  
all times

allow the familiar to feed off  
of your mole



# Recipe Book



*A Witch's Brew*



# *How to bake a:* Witch Cake

## Ingredients:

Rye meal finely ground  
Urine from afflicted person  
Dog (alive and well)  
Large bowl for mixing  
Spoon for mixing  
Permission from Rev. Parris



## Directions:

Put finely ground rye meal in the bowl.  
Then add urine from an afflicted person.  
Next mix with spoon and let set for an hour.  
Then feed to the dog.

Outcome: If dog displays similar symptoms as afflicted person, than the afflicted person is bewitched. If this is the case, seek immediate medical help for the afflicted and begin a witch hunt.

# *How to properly make a:* Poppet

## Body

You will need:

Cloth  
Needle  
Thread  
Cloth stuffing (feathers or rags)  
Someone you wish to torment  
Hair from that person's head  
Urine or from that person  
Parsley flakes  
Cumin  
Cinnamon  
Mixing bowl  
Spoon

## Directions:

Mix urine with Cumin, Cinnamon and parley flakes in a large bowl. Do not touch with your own hands.  
Mix well.  
Take feathers or cloth stuffing and soak in the mixture for seven and one half days.  
Create body of doll using needle and thread.  
Put mixture into the doll.  
Sew hair onto the doll's head and draw features with paint.  
Sew shut.  
Get a pin and have a ball tormenting your enemies!

## Paint for face

You will need:

Blood from enemy  
Urine from enemy  
Salt  
Pepper  
Holy water  
Oil  
Color dye of your choice

## Directions:

Mix all ingredients well and use paint brush to apply to the face of your poppet.



*Thanks! Do come again!  
But remember, it's our little secret!*

## *Party Program*







*Welcome to the Parris household divination party!*

*We are so glad you could make it.*



*Tonight's festivities include:*

*Find your future in a noodle strainer.....Betty and Abigail Parris*

*Fortune telling for fools.....Tituba Parris*

*You don't need a crystal ball to read the stars.....Ann Putnam Sr.*

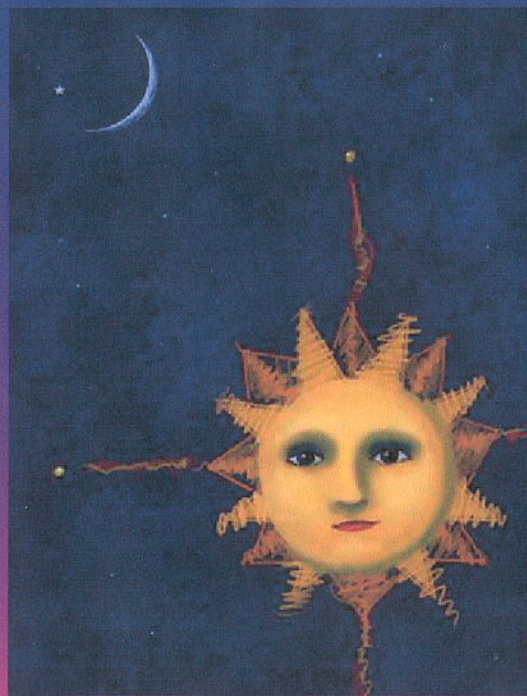
*Sign the Devil's book-You know you want to!.....Ann Putnam Jr.*

*And a special production by John Indian about casting spells!*

*A special thanks to all of tonight's speakers, to our hosts Betty and Abigail Parris, to our guests, and to our unknown contributors the Reverend Samuel Parris and his lovely wife.*

*It's our little secret!*

## *Divinations*





When: 3:00 p.m.  
Jan. 6, 1691

Where: the Parsonage

Get your program at the door!

Shhhhh: Remember, don't tell  
your folks and come through the  
back door!

Drop your Puritan  
beliefs at the door and  
leave God outside in  
the cold.

Come and the stars will  
decide your fate as  
Tituba reads your  
fortune.



I am a poppet. By definition, I am a doll used for devil's work. I believe the term now is "voo doo doll." I was born in 1691, the result of two pieces of ebony colored cloth, a pile of rags, white chalk, twine, thread, blood. My creator is long since dead and buried, killed by rope made from the same type of twine that pokes from my head. I remember those evenings as she sat in the kitchen of the Salem Village Parsonage, waiting for the dinner to cook. Those evenings in the kitchen were cold, so far from the fire was I that I felt no heat at all. And the hands that made me were as numb as the ice outside the parsonage.

I am old now. It's been 70 years since I sat quietly in my maker's arms in the dark, cold kitchen of a holy place. They say I'm an instrument of evil, but no evil was conceived with my conception for I was made out of love.

My maker was an Indian woman by the name of Tituba. At the time of my making, she must have been 25 years old at least but even she did not know her exact age. She told me stories sometimes, stories of her birth and of her parents and of her beliefs.

Like me, my master, Tituba, was born a slave in the Arawak Village in South America. This village of docile and friendly Indians was quickly getting smaller and had been under Spanish rule since the time of a man named Columbus. Tituba said it was this Columbus man who had imprisoned her people. But Tituba was happy enough to be a slave for she loved her family and knew she could not live on her own without the help of her own master the Reverend Samuel Parris. Tituba met a young, unmarried Sam Parris after her first master, one Edward Holland had given Tituba to Parris. Holland who had employed Tituba as a housemaid in his house since she was a child, had gotten himself into debt and Tituba was repayment for that debt to Parris. And so when Tituba was perhaps 15 or 16, for no one really knows, she was sold to Sam Parris and came to work on his plantation in Barbados where she met her future husband John Indian.

I don't know much about her time in Barbados, for Tituba never spoke much of it. The Mrs. Rev. Parris and the children were not yet around, so only the Reverend and his slaves know of what went on there. But I did overhear a piece of idle gossip (as poppets often do) about the Reverend Parris and Tituba during one of Mrs. Parris' small parties when she was out of the room.

"Slave woman in 'ta kitchen, well she's growin' big with child and I wonder 'ta whose seed's a planted in 'er." Someone whispered, her name now escapes me. In fact, all of their names escape me. It seems like so many names thrown about during the trials, that my memories just nearly shot. And I've only rags in my head to keep my memories from draining past my skin like milk and cheesecloth. Well, anyway, this woman, a large, busty woman in a black shawl (they all wore shawls, those foolish Puritan woman) takes a sip of her tea and says to the other woman.

"Mary, why I never. That's gossip yer talkin' an 'bout the Reverend, too. God'll strike us dead on the spot, we gossip 'bout the Reverend. You should be more 'fraid of his wrath, my dear."

"Oh, I'm 'fraid, all right. I'm 'fraid ta the wrath of the Reverend himself, I am."



The other woman laughed and the conversation went on to some silly thing.

It was in 1691, well after Violet was born that Tituba got into trouble. It was during this time that the Reverend's young daughter, Betty Parris, and his niece Abigail Parris became afflicted, from what, only God knows. The girls, along with some friends began a divination circle. That is to say that the girls dabbled in witchcraft in the parsonage when the reverend wasn't home. I remember these evenings.

It was cold in the kitchen, always. Tituba made me originally for her daughter Violet, but Violet didn't like my ebony colored cloth skin. She wanted a white doll and so I sat under a chair in the kitchen.

And I remember the girls always holding their secret meetings in the kitchen. They, in the beginning only three, but towards the end, nine or ten of them, would stand or sit around the table. And they would place an egg yolk in a cup of water and try to guess their future husbands. They talked an awful lot about their future husbands, what would they look like, who would they be, what would they do for a living, would they be this young man in town, or this man or this man? Would their husbands be rich, kind, handsome? Sometimes I didn't listen to them because they were foolish little girls, cooped up inside the house on winter months, the Parris girls especially, as the reverend would not allow their silly little children's games. Everything was devil's work to the reverend, even the innocence of childhood. And so the girls sat in their circle looking at water and eggs and silly little witch tricks.

I knew that they were doing something wrong because they only did it when the reverend was out, but I did not understand the importance of their actions. At any rate, I was not terribly interested in their games for I had never had much interest in children as they had never had much interest in me. It was Tituba I liked listening to on those nights. She was my creator, my master, and I looked to her as she looked to the reverend and as he looked to his creator, his God. She was the reason for my being and I felt only gratitude towards her. I could not do much, being only a rag doll, but I hoped for the best for her.

But on those nights where the girls told their fortunes, Tituba told them stories. I remember her face in the dark of the kitchen, shadows passing over her coffee colored cheeks. She was tired by nighttime so her eyes appeared sunken in and hollowed out. This gave her an eerie look, and made her stories all the more interesting and enthralling. The girls seemed to focus on her entirely when she spoke, although their interest was a gross interest for Tituba spoke of the forbidden. She entertained them and me with stories of witchcraft from her town in Arawak village, incantations and spells and sacrifices, blood and Indian dances.

I am not so sure if Tituba told those girls the truth for when she was alone with me in the cold kitchens, her voice was softer and kinder and lonelier. When she was without audience, her tongue seemed more truthful, more modest. She told me nothing of devil's deeds, as the reverend called them, and she always seemed sad. Of course when Violet came into the kitchen, Tituba's voice rang higher and happier and she forgot me. But I have spent all seventy years of my life being forgotten by various persons, it's something one simply gets used to.



I'm not sure when it happened but towards the end of these divination circles, Betty began complaining of feeling pinched and choked. She was having trouble breathing, having nightmares. She woke up screaming, telling tales of a black hooded man. Soon Abigail began having such symptoms and the reverend and his wife, worried for their safety called the doctor.

It was at this time that the doctor said the girls were bewitched and they began to convulse and scream. Through their convulsions, they named Tituba as their tormentor, along with several others.

I remember the day Tituba was arrested. She found me in my place under my chair the morning she found out. The reverend had given her leave to use the lavatory and she spotted me on the way out. She was expected back real soon, so she only looked at me for a minute or two and said. She had wet, glistening lines running down her cheeks. I could see tears forming and plop, one fell on my left leg. I could feel the wetness there on my cloth skin, salty, sad, wet.

"Poor, poor Betty. I don't hurt 'er. I don't do what they say I did. Poor, Betty," she said to me.

When she returned, she passed me without a word, her lips tight. I suppose she knew what was to come but when I heard the reverend whipping her, it was a shock to me. He had whipped her before, for not doing chores or for taking too long to do them or for being lazy. But that day before she was arrested, he whipped her longer and harder than he ever whipped anyone. The strap could be heard lashing into Tituba's back throughout all of Salem Village, I was sure. I stopped counting the lashes after fifty, but I'm sure the lashes themselves didn't stop. And all Tituba would say was,

"No suh, never hurt nobody, not Betty, not 'Abigail. Never hurt 'em, suh, swear I never hurt 'em." And the reverend Parris said until I stopped listening, "Confess, witch, confess."

Tituba's implication in the trial did not surprise me, though I knew Tituba to be innocent of the charges. She loved the young Parris girl, Betty. Tituba had taken care of Betty since the girls' birth and knew more about that small frame than anyone in the Parris household, even Mrs. Parris, who was often locked in her room with some kind of constant ailment. The reverend was always out making calls on behalf of the parsonage.

So, it was that Tituba took care of Betty and I had witnessed on many occasions the fondness Tituba had for the girl. It was a fondness Tituba felt for no other child in the family, not even her own, Violet. Violet was sullen, reclusive, preferring to be alone. Violet preferred her father, but I think if she'd had her choice of parents, she'd have gladly taken Mr. and Mrs. Philip English. Of course she would have to be white, her favored color, and Mr. English would have supplied her with the finest toys and sweets and pretties a girl could have, all fresh off his ships coming from England and Asia. Tituba was hurt by this and though she tried, could never really connect with the child.

Thomas, a strong, stout, mean boy, one year Betty's senior was Parris' first born. Thomas was ten or eleven at the time of the trials. Tituba had taken little care



of Thomas, born while the Parris' still lived in Boston because the young and newly married Elizabeth Parris was still able enough to care for her son. Or so Tituba told me, on cold nights when we were alone in the kitchen.

Thomas was a cruel boy, no doubt from years of being spoiled by his mother. He spit in the soup, threw snowballs in the house, and quietly ignored his father's religious teachings. Parris, seldom around, believed his son to be on a high spiritual level. Mrs. Parris, often sick, believed the boy to be almost angelic.

Susahannah, born five years after Betty, was only a fussy toddler when the trials began, and Tituba cared little for more children to take care of. But Betty was a quiet, kind child, easily led and easily pleased. I suppose that's why Tituba had such a soft spot for the girl.

But the Reverend Samuel Parris and the rest of the town folk saw only an Indian slave, and, led by a few afflicted girls, including Betty Parris herself, they came to believe that Tituba's tales of black cats and voodoo dolls, were real and evil.

I do not know why Betty named Tituba, but I do know why Tituba confessed to being a witch that winter in 1692. As for me, fear of the belt strap would not have spurred me to confession, although a needle may have. But I suppose a doll made out of cloth cannot truly understand a human made of flesh.

Tituba was arrested that winter and my enslaved companion was taken from me. I remember seeing the handcuffs, all that was left of Tituba. I never saw her again. I heard little of her after that, for the Parris house was near deserted and the cold in the kitchen was nearly unbearable.







*Witches, witches on Broooooomsticks. Devils, devils book. Hahaha. Devils book. Hahahaha.*

Mary, shhh. Stop talking nonsense Mary. There is but one devil here.

'tis you, isn't it?

*Devil. Hahaha. Witch! Hahaha. You'll pay, you will. God will punish you, the people of Salem will punish you. I will punish you.*

No, no. Silly. They will punish you. You are the witch, you signed the devil's book. You made a deal with the devil. What did he offer you? Tell me, Mary, what was so great that you signed his book?

*NOO! NO! I NEVER! NEVER, ever, ever, never, ever, ever, ever, never, ever, ever signed. Never, never dealt with him. He's evil. Never, ever. But you. You did. I saw you holding the pen and signing our name. How could you? How could you do this to us?*

I didn't do anything, Mary. You did it. It was you, Mary. Don't you remember?

*NO! nonononononononono. Not me, not Mary. Not me not me. 'Twas you, you, you. Not Mary, not Mary, not Mary.*

But you are me Mary. We are one in the same. I am you, you are me. But they'll believe me, Mary. I'm smart, I'll make them believe. But, you're a fool, Mary. They'll put you in prison, they'll hang you, Mary.

*STOP! Stopstopstopstop. I'm Mary. See me, I'm Mary. You, you are the evil one. You are not me, not, no, no, not me. I am not you, no, no, no, not you, no, no. I am Mary. Mary I am.*

You are me, Mary, face it.

*I saw you sign the book. I saw you, you, you, you. I saw you sign the book, the bad book. You signed the bad book, not me, no, never, not me, not Mary.*

But they won't believe you, you fool. They'll never believe you. Listen to me, Mary. I can help you, Mary. I can get us both out of this. Just do exactly as I say.

*NO. You are bad, signed the bad book, try to hurt me. Bad, bad, bad, bad. Leave me alone, bad.*

Mary, you've no choice. You need me. You'll hang without me, Mary. You must do as I say.

*Why?*

You mus....What?

*Why?*

Why what, Mary? What are you talking about?

*Why must God hurt me? God loves me, God loves Mary. Why must he hurt Mary?*

*Why must you hurt me?*

That's beside the point, Mary. Don't you get it, you fool? God has nothing to do with this. It's up to me now, Mary and you must trust me.

*NO. God is here, he sees all. He sees you, saw you sign the bad book. He did, he did, he did.*

Ok, ok. Mary. Yes, I see now. Yes, God sees all. But God does not hurt you Mary. He helps you. And he sends me to help you, Mary. God has given me to you, Mary, to save your life. Now, you must listen to me, Mary. You must confess to being a witch.

*But, no, no. No witch. Not me, not Mary. You, you the witch. Not me, not Mary.*

It makes no difference now who is a witch and who is not. Mary. Do as I say, ok? Confess to being a witch.

*But that would be a lie. I don't want to lie. No lie, no, no, no lie. Proctor, he will beat me. And God will, he will, he will banish me. To hell, he will, he will. Mary can't lie. Mary is a good Puritan girl, no lie, no lie.*

You're not to worry about that John Proctor. He is a horrible, horrible man, Mary. He beats me, too. He is a sinner worse than any in the village and God will punish him, Mary, not us. You must accuse John Proctor and that horrible wretch Elizabeth of witchcraft, Mary. You must do it, for then they will leave us both alone.



*But he, he, he will beat me. I, he will beat Mary.*

No. Mary, now listen to me. He can't beat you if he's in jail, can he Mary? He can't touch a hand to either of us if he's in jail with that idiot wife of his.

*But 'tis a lie. He no witch, she no witch. Mary can't lie, no, no, no. God hates liars.*

We are doing God a favor Mary for John Proctor is a horrible man and he will one day receive the full wrath of God for his sins. We are just doing God a favor, Mary. Tell the court that John Proctor and his wife torment you in your sleep. Throw yourself into fits, if you must. I suppose you do that already. Confess to the court Mary and then accuse the Proctors.

Georgy Porgy  
Don't mess with the Putnams  
Have you learned your lesson?  
Now that you're in heaven.

Couldn't keep your affairs in order  
So you asked Tom Putnam for a quarter  
But you found you could not pay  
So certainly you could not stay.

Minister of Salem before the tragedy  
You were one of three to leave.

Georgy Porgy  
Don't mess with the Putnams  
Have you learned your lesson?  
Now that you're in heaven.

Even though your debt was paid  
Twelve years later, honestly,  
You still stood to hang  
On that sunny August day.

Thy kingdom come  
Thy will be done in Earth  
As it is in heaven  
Forgive us our debts  
As we forgive our debtors  
Lead us not into temptation  
But deliver us from evil.

You spoke the words so truly  
Not one mistake was made.  
But still the noose tightened.

Georgy Porgy  
Don't mess with the Putnams  
Have you learned your lesson?  
Now that you're in heaven.



## **Hands**

So many of them

**Grasping, clutching, holding, shielding, banging, slapping, reaching, pointing**

I've never seen so many **hands**

They are all so full and **ACTIVE**

So **full** of *feeling* and **conviction**

### **THE ACCUSED:**

*Desperate*

Reaching out for **mercy, sympathy, pity**

A beggar's **hands**

*Shaking* and faltering

**CLUTCHING** only stale air and **loaded** words

A set of *wrinkled hands*,

Owned by an **ACCUSED wizard**

Pathetic, sad **hands**

**Hands** grasping for the **edge** of the cliff and slipping, missing

**Hands** unbound but not for long

**Hands** that in the months to come

Will grow numb with cold

And *feeble* with infirmity

They will rest and **rot** away.

The Afflicted:

**Hands** small and *frail*

Nails cut **straight**

**Hands** that fall *limp*

At the sight of the **ACCUSED**

**Hands** that touch sweaty foreheads

And are wet with *tears*

**Hands** tired from seizures

Those who sit in judgment:

**Hands** covered in black sleeves

**Hands** rough with **AGE**

**Hands** that hold the bindings of many **Bibles**

**Hands** that hold a **gavel**

**Hands** that stand **poised**

**Hands** that pointed

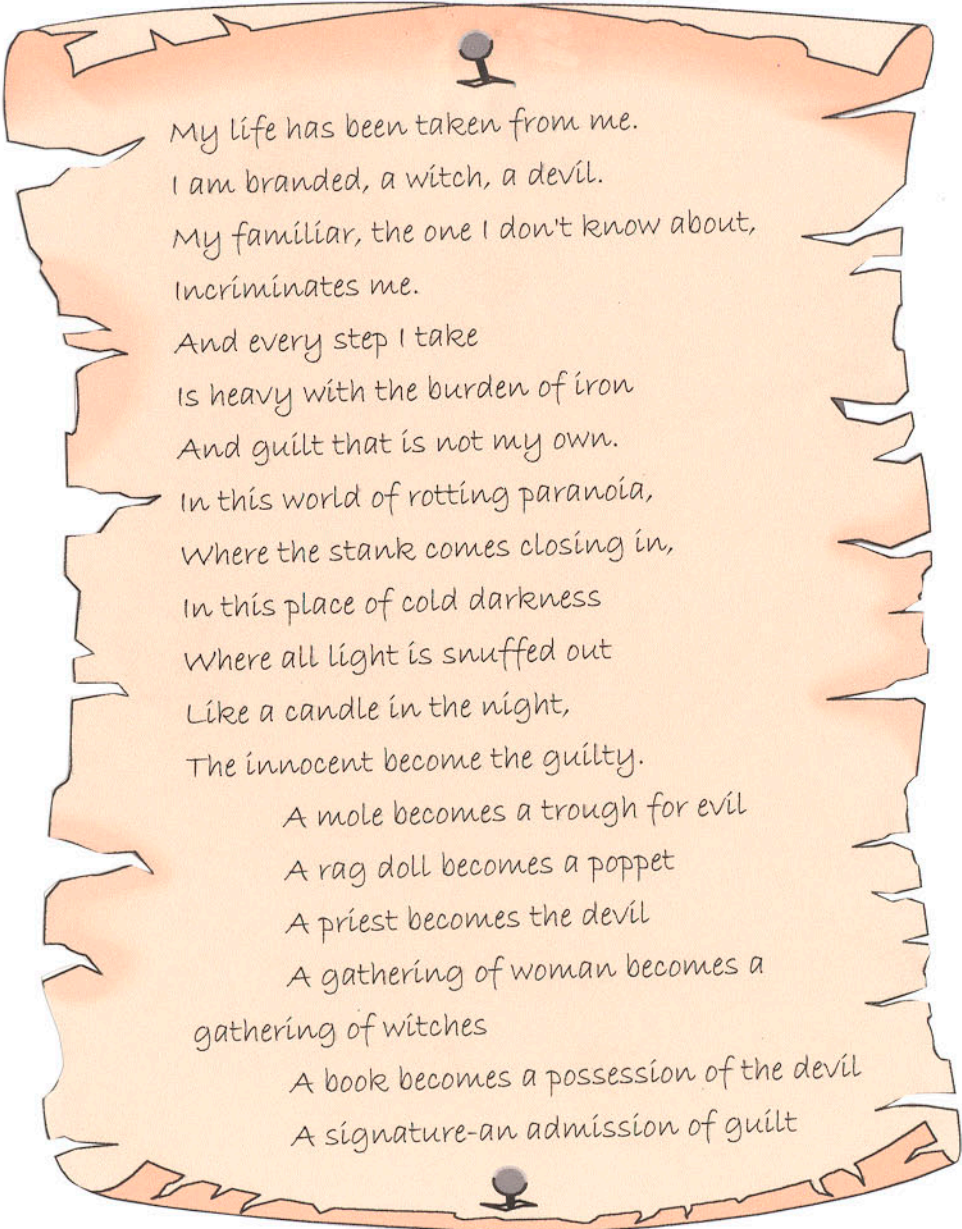
**Hands** that formed fists and punched wood

**Hands** that heard the words  
“order” and “order” called.

**Hands.**



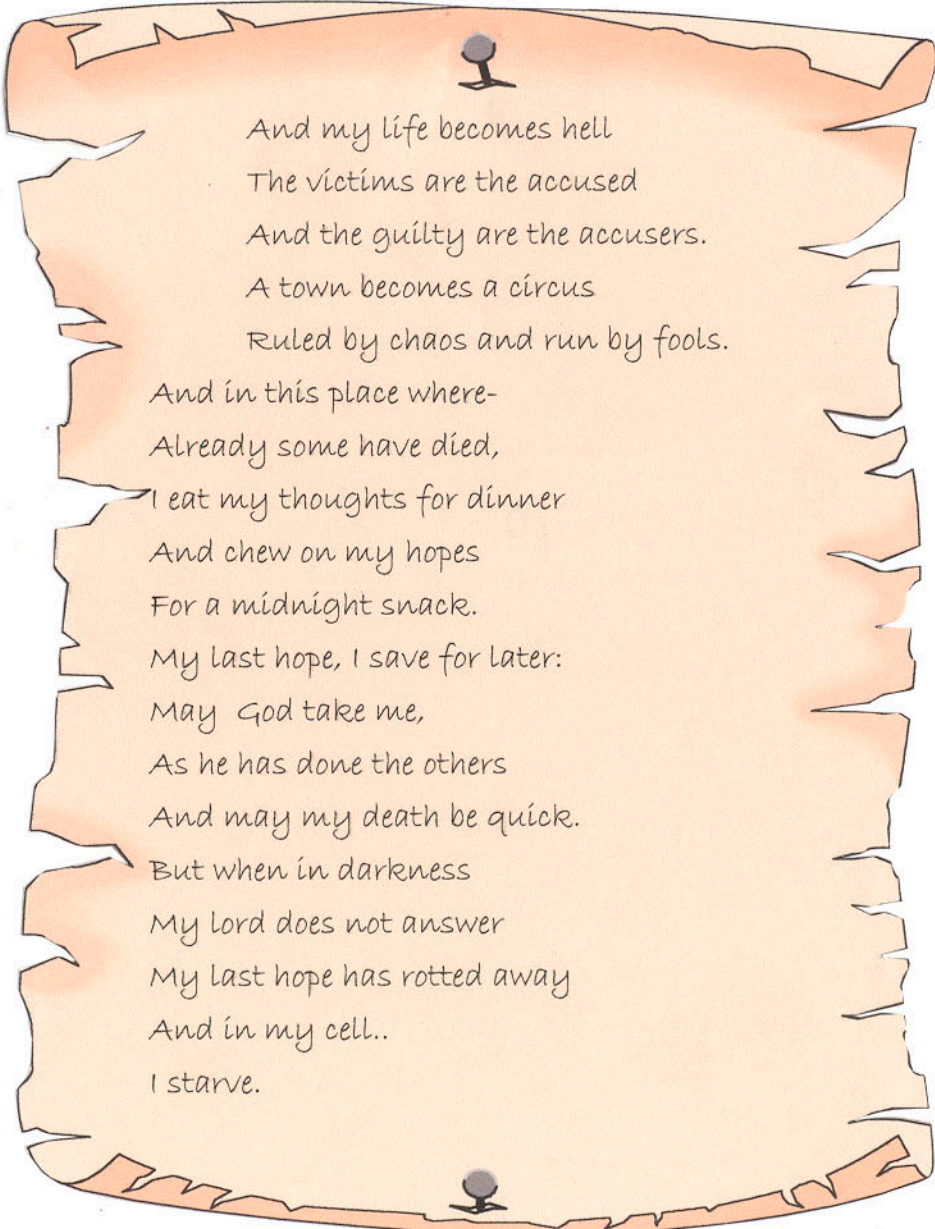




My life has been taken from me.  
I am branded, a witch, a devil.  
My familiar, the one I don't know about,  
Incrimminates me.

And every step I take  
Is heavy with the burden of iron  
And guilt that is not my own.  
In this world of rotting paranoia,  
Where the stank comes closing in,  
In this place of cold darkness  
Where all light is snuffed out  
Like a candle in the night,  
The innocent become the guilty.

A mole becomes a trough for evil  
A rag doll becomes a poppet  
A priest becomes the devil  
A gathering of woman becomes a  
gathering of witches  
A book becomes a possession of the devil  
A signature-an admission of guilt



And my life becomes hell  
The victims are the accused  
And the guilty are the accusers.  
A town becomes a circus  
Ruled by chaos and run by fools.

And in this place where-  
Already some have died,  
I eat my thoughts for dinner  
And chew on my hopes  
For a midnight snack.  
My last hope, I save for later:  
May God take me,  
As he has done the others  
And may my death be quick.  
But when in darkness  
My lord does not answer  
My last hope has rotted away  
And in my cell..  
I starve.



# Dorcas Good

I want my mommy because my mommy is soft and warm and kind and sweet and pretty and she smells good like gingerbread and raisins and I like raisins and I like my mommy but she's gone away and I don't know where or why they took my mommy and I think they said she was a witch and I don't know what a witch is but it's bad and my mommy's not one because she's good because she's my mommy and she's a good mommy.

Where am I? Where is this place I'm at? And where's my mommy? Why isn't she here? They lied to me, they did because they said, "Confess to being a witch and we'll send you home, home to your mother," but they lied, see, 'cause I confessed and I'm in here and not home with my mommy and it's all because they lied. Lying is bad. Lying is a sin. God will punish them. I will tell my mommy on them.

Oh no! I can't find my mommy. I did it, I did what they said and I said "I'm a witch," and I answered their questions and I did it, I did what they said but they lied and my mommy is gone. They said they'd let me go home to see my mommy but they sent me here where it's dark and scary and it smells like cat poop and I miss my raisins and I miss my mommy and I'm hungry. My mommy would feed me, she'd feed me bread and butter if I was a good girl and I am a good girl because I'm not a witch and my mommy's not a witch. I just want my mommy.

It was never easy living in Salem Village. I would much rather have lived in Salem Town, a harbor so busy and bustling and young that few took time to notice me. I could easily have slipped into oblivion. But perhaps that would in itself have been a problem for not many souls in Salem Town would take time to notice me, to pity me or to care for me. It is not so much that I want others to care for me, just that I could not care for myself and depended on the Christian goodness of others.

Why not the Puritan goodness? You ask. Well, there is no goodness in Puritans. I should know, I was one for most of my life. Only a thief can really understand another thief and in doing so, love and hate himself and his kind. And only a Puritan can really understand the reasons for Puritan behavior. Of course the reasons for the Salem Witch Trials are now well known and in years to come, folk will analyze the events that went on in that village, but truth is like cheese, it will rot and be replaced with mold. Folk will forget the reason for this or the exact date for this or the explanation for that and then fill it own with details from their own mind. And so it will become more distorted with age. And soon, like the Indians, there will be no more Puritans and probably no more Europeans. And what will folk think of the Salem Witch Trials then? Yes, exactly. So, you see, only a Puritan can understand Puritan reasons for Puritan behavior.

The thief may understand why his friend stole from him, but understanding does not always lead to forgiveness. There are some hearts too old for such foolishness. No, once a deed is done, only God completely forgives.

But here I am prattling on about forgiveness of a crime that I have yet to tell you about. It was in fact the reason that I lived in Salem Village with my mother, a place so divided it seemed likely to tear into two villages just as Salem Village had broken off from Salem Town. It was this rift between the Easterners of Salem Town, led by the Salem Town Council, and the Westerners of Salem Town, led by the Putnams and the ever-corrupt Reverend Samuel Parris, that many felt had caused the Salem Witchcraft Trials. While, I am all too happy to blame these men for the death of my innocent mother, I cannot place all the blame with them. For they may have been responsible for sparking the trials, but they were not responsible for continuing them.

And what of the accusers? Those many, many girls and women and men who cried and writhed and moved about in a crazy manner as if mad and made so by some devil. But indeed there was no devil for the devil has better things to do than torment bored foolish girls in the Parsonage. No, I do not blame the devil for he was not in Salem during the trials. Do I blame the accusers? But of course I do. Every single one of them. Mary Warren, Mary Walcott, Mercy Lewis, oh but just to name a few. Mary Warren, herself, both a witch and an accuser said the girls "did but dissemble." She was one of them, no doubt, of course she should know the truth. And how convenient it was that every woman after the initial three (or man for that matter) was some enemy of Reverend Parris'. And oh how nice, not one friend or relative of Putnam was placed in jail, their property confiscated, their crops destroyed, their children sent off to live with strangers all over the state. No, not one Putnam 'cept maybe Tom Putnam, the only good Putnam our lord in heaven ever



made. Yes, it was only Tom, who opposed all his wicked brother did, who shared a cell with rats. So, yes, of course I blame the accusers, even that idiot Ann Putnam Jr. woman, who years after she helped send 19 people to the gallows and dozens more to their deaths in a Salem jail cell, apologized in front of the congregation at the Salem Meeting House. Well, it was certainly a little late for that, Miss Putnam, now wasn't it? And what did her apology do? Did she visit the graves of our dead, of my dead mother and apologize? And did that cause God to reach down his hand and open my mother's grave and from the mouth of it, would come my dear mother alive and well again? Could her apology change anything at all or help all those that she had hurt? Did her apology erase years of hardship and bitter winters when the crops of Salem farms withered in the ground and the once prospering village fell asunder? Did her apology raise me out of poverty that has lasted my entire life, a poverty which she herself made more harsh? Did she accomplish anything with her public apology, her condolences, her excuses, all a day late and a dollar short? Well, I'm sure she erased her own guilt, if yet she had any for her guilt never stopped her from taking her part in the ruining of Salem Village. Oh and the young Reverend Joseph Green, so bright from youth, believes that her apology will bring unity to a town now divided. Well, if you ask me, it was unity that made this whole mess. The Putnams and the Rev. Parris were practically married, and no union has ever been more solid than that. And was it not their union that started this whole mess in the first place? So, do I blame the young Ann Putnam and the rest of her co-conspirators for the death of my poor mother? For sure, I do.

Do I blame the judges? Cotton and Increase? Of course I blame old Increase, who was so close to his friends on the bench that he could not pry his lips from the floor in front of them. And Cotton with his Harvard education and his literature that said nothing of real life, of horror, of pain. He spoke of spectral evidence but what in the world did he know about the subject? What did he know of being tormented? Did being born to a rich, hypocritical father torment him? And did having a father who sold his salvation for a mansion atop the highest hill in all of New England, so that they may be closer to the Lord than the rest of us, torment him? And did knowing that this father of his had stepped upon us all to get to the top torment him? And what of his father's preachings and teachings about the devil? Did Cotton Mather become knowing that these speeches before the pulpits of Boston caused the tragedy of 1691? Is that what torments him so? Is that how he knows all that he knows about spectral evidence and witches tormenting the afflicted?

But surely Cotton Mather knows nothing of what it feels like to really be tormented. He can never know anything about real life, about real people. Then why does he sit in judgement of others, as if he is God himself come down from heaven to teach us all a lesson about the devil and witches? He is a hypocrite of course, for only hypocrites reside at the top of the highest hill in the world, hoping that the heavens will open above them and suck them up before anyone else. There is but one thing God says of the likes of Increase and Cotton Mather and that can be found in St. Mathew 6:5. "And when thou prayest, though shalt not be as the hypocrites are; for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of



the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily, I say unto you, They have their reward."

So, do I blame the hypocrites, the stuttering Cotton Mather and his father Increase and the judges who befriended them and condemned the likes of my blood to die? Do I blame those that sit in judgement on others and cause destruction? Why, yes, of course I do.

But what of me? What of my judgement, for which I sit at this very moment? Perhaps the new Reverend is right, for he is young and bright and I am old and filled with years of sadness and hunger and pain. I have blisters now where there were none. I have wrinkles now where there were none. I have wisdom now where there was none. I have calluses now where there were none. But no longer do I have hope, for the world has taken that from me.

And here I sit in judgement of those who sit in judgement. I criticize the hypocrites though I am one.

"Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." (Mathew 6:12) Is that not what is written a mere seven lines below Mathew 6:5? Is that not what George Burroughs said, over and over, before his death? Then, why can I not forgive those who could not forgive my mother?

"For if ye forgive men their trespasses, neither will your father forgive your trespasses." (Mathew 6:14-15)

And does this line not directly follow the one before and the one before, all about the divine gift of forgiveness? And why then, can I not, why my Bible in my hand, forgive? I have so many names on my list to blame, but not one name on my list to forgive.

But how can I start? How do I start after twenty years of hatred? Where do I begin? With the Reverend Parris, for that is surely where the trials began? But I must delve deeper for the hate was there before the trials, lurking, hiding. The Putnams then, with their money and power, held over my head like the wrath of God, ready to overflow at any moment? No, before that even. With my mother? For though I loved her, I hated her poverty. But I cannot stop there, for it must have been father back that it began.

God? Did it begin with him for even a good Puritan can hate her creator. But no. I do not hate God. But where does it start? When did the hatred begin to swell in my breast?

With me then? Was I the beginning for surely there is no other way to start? Yes, yes, I was the start and true cause of all my own hatred. And it has been forty years since, forty years of living in it, with it, around it. Forty years of breathing hatred, much as I have breathed the dirt. And thirty years of hating my hatred, just as I hated my own dirt and my own poverty and my own shame.

Such a long time of it then.

But now I know the first name on my list of both blame and forgiveness. And that name is my own. Dorcas Good.



The contents found in this box are property of the Danvers Police Department and are public record. They are what are left of the evidence from the Salem Witch Trials found in Salem Village, Massachusetts, now Danvers, Massachusetts.

All items in this box are carefully logged and dated but due to theft and age, some items may be missing.

## SALEM SONG

AND HERE I SING THE SALEM SONG  
IN A TOWN WHERE MANY HAVE GONE.

19 BY NOOSE, ONE BY ROCK  
AND MANY MORE KILLED IN JAIL BY SHOCK.

REV. SAM PARRIS-RIGHTEOUS WAS HE  
STARTED THE WHOLE MESS BECAUSE OF HE.

IN THE NAME OF OUR LORD GOD  
HE PREACHED OF THE DEVIL, VERY LOUD.

AND WHEN IN HIS OWN HOUSE  
HIS CHILD FELL SICK

BEWITCHMENT, BEWITCHMENT  
THE GOOD DOCTOR DIAGNOSED

AND SO HIS OWN SLAVE, A WITCH  
TORMENTED THE AFFLICTED WITH A SPECTRAL SWITCH.



## Endnotes

1. Witch Weekly-issue 1. I used a website, [www.salemwitchtrials.com](http://www.salemwitchtrials.com) for this piece. I did not use any direct quotes. I also heard about the fortune telling tricks from this website. The piece on Reverend Samuel Parris I found at [http://www.law.umkc.edu/faculty/projects/ftrials/salem/ASA\\_PAR.HTM](http://www.law.umkc.edu/faculty/projects/ftrials/salem/ASA_PAR.HTM). I found the picture at [www.crimelibrary.com/.../salem\\_witches/1.html](http://www.crimelibrary.com/.../salem_witches/1.html)
2. I found the recipes from [www.salemwitchtrials.com](http://www.salemwitchtrials.com). I did not directly quote anything.
3. [www.salemwitchtrials.com](http://www.salemwitchtrials.com) talked of divination circles at the parsonage. These circles began in the winter of 1691 or perhaps before, though no exact dates or times are known so the date and time are fictionalized.
4. Again, the fact that these circles were held is well known and the people mentioned in the program (except Mr. And Mrs. Samuel Parris) were in attendance at these circles.
5. I found information about Tituba at the following sites:  
[http://www.law.umkc.edu/faculty/projects/ftrials/salem/ASA\\_TIT.HTM](http://www.law.umkc.edu/faculty/projects/ftrials/salem/ASA_TIT.HTM)  
<http://www.law.umkc.edu/faculty/projects/ftrials/salem/SALEM.HTM>  
[http://www.acidus.com/Salem/salem\\_witch\\_trials\\_1.html](http://www.acidus.com/Salem/salem_witch_trials_1.html)  
I used no quote material from these sites. I also found information about Tituba's South American origin at <http://www.hartford-hwp.com/archives/43a/100.html>, however I used very little information from that.
6. I used [www.salemwitchtrials.com](http://www.salemwitchtrials.com) to understand more about the afflicted girls, of which Mary was one. There I discovered that many of the afflicted, including Mary, may have had mental problems. Also from [www.salemwitchtrials.com](http://www.salemwitchtrials.com), I discovered that John Proctor beat Mary Warren, hoping to cure her. I used no direct quotes.
7. I used information for the Mather essay from several different sites. They are [http://www.law.umkc.edu/faculty/projects/ftrials/salem/SAL\\_BMAT.HTM](http://www.law.umkc.edu/faculty/projects/ftrials/salem/SAL_BMAT.HTM), <http://www.hillsdale.edu/dept/Phil&Rel/JE/MatherC/BurID.html>, and [http://www.law.umkc.edu/faculty/projects/ftrials/salem/ASA\\_INC.HTM](http://www.law.umkc.edu/faculty/projects/ftrials/salem/ASA_INC.HTM). I used no direct quotes.
8. Most of the information from the poem was found at [www.salemwitchtrials.com](http://www.salemwitchtrials.com). No direct quotes.
9. There was no real information in this poem, just my interpretation of a photo I found at <http://www.salemwitchtrials.org/images/witches1.jpg>
10. This poem also had little real information but I learned from [www.salemwitchtrials.com](http://www.salemwitchtrials.com) that the prison conditions were horrible.
11. I learned from <http://jeffersonvillage.virginia.edu/salem/people.htm> about Sarah Good. I learned that her daughter, Dorcas Good, who was four to six years of age at the time of the trials, was the youngest accused witch. No direct quotes.
12. Used information from number eleven to compose this piece. I also used quotes from the Bible, which are sourced on the piece.

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